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**MARVEL®**

SHANG-CHI  
MASTER OF  
KUNG FU

NO. 1

SUPER  
ISSUE

NO MAN CAN STAND AGAINST...

# SHANG-CHI MASTER OF KUNG FU®



**48**

**ALL-NEW PAGES  
IN GLORIOUS**

**BLACK & WHITE!**

FEATURING A SUPER-SIZED  
COLLECTION OF STEEL-SMASHING  
MARTIAL ARTS ACTION STRIPS!

*Harrell '01*



From the day he was born the man known as Shang-Chi was raised by his father to be the world's greatest assassin. He studied the ways of the martial arts and of kung fu, honing his mind, body and spirit to a razor's edge. Then the day came when Shang-Chi was sent by his father to take the life of an innocent man. On that day Shang-Chi turned his back on his father's evil ways and became much more than a living weapon. He became...

# SHANG-CHI

## MASTER OF

# KUNG FU



**THE ANNUAL RACE TO BENEFIT VARIOUS AND SUNDRY EVIL ORGANIZATIONS AND ALSO THE HOMELESS. NOW WITH BEER AND HOT DOGS....PG.1**  
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**ONCE UPON A TIME IN WAN CHAI.....PG. 23**

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**THE VACCUUM OF MEMORY.....PG. 34**

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**THE TAO OF THE WARRIOR: FROM NOVICE TO LO FU ZAI.....PG. 45**

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with CLAYTON COWLES  
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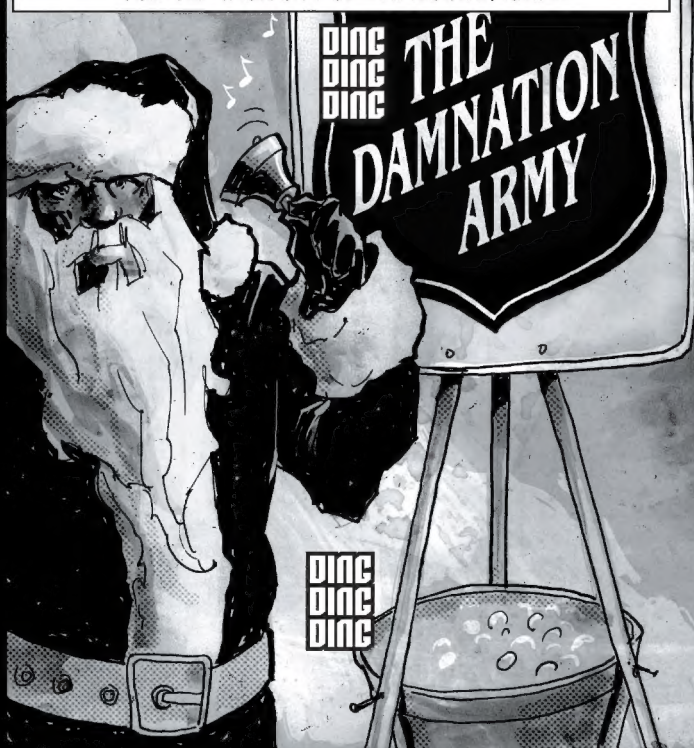
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WHAT FOLLOWS  
IS THE STORY OF  
THE LAST EVER  
SUMMER SOLSTICE  
BURNOUT.

A BIKE RACE ACROSS  
THE DESERT WHERE THE  
CHIHUAHUA SAND  
MEETS THE SHADOWS  
OF THE SIERRA MADRE.

ORGANIZED AND RUN BY THE BLACK SANTAS OF THE DAMNATION  
ARMY TO BENEFIT THE HOMELESS--ALL UNCONSUMED LIQUOR,  
UNUSED DRUGS AND NON-EXPENSE RELATED FUNDS ARE  
SPLIT EQUALLY BETWEEN THE BUMS OF WICHITA, KANSAS  
AND THE VAGRANTS OF DES MOINES, IOWA.



HELP  
EASE A  
SINGLE MOTHER'S  
PAIN. FREE DRINKS  
FOR THE  
LADIES.

HERE YOU  
GO.

THANK  
YOU, SIR.

MALT  
LIQUOR. MALT  
LIQUOR...THINK  
OF THE  
CHILDREN.



THEY COME FROM  
ALL OVER: SOME OF  
THE EVILEST MEN IN THE  
HEMISPHERE HOPING  
TO LIFT THE CUP AND  
CLAIM THE PRIZE.

INSTEAD, FOR THE  
LAST 3 YEARS, THEY  
HAVE BEEN TAUGHT  
HUMILITY AND TASTED  
ONLY DEFEAT--FOR  
I HAVE WON IT.



I'VE BEEN MEANING TO  
ASK, WHY DO YOU COMPETE  
IN THIS THING? WOULDN'T  
IT BE EASIER TO BEAT THEM  
UP OR CALL THE COPS  
OR SOMETHING?

I LIKE  
TO RACE.

JUST BECAUSE I'VE SPENT  
MY LIFE BECOMING PROFICIENT  
AT CERTAIN DISCIPLINES  
DOESN'T MEAN I DON'T LIKE  
TO ENJOY OCCASIONAL  
RECREATIONAL ACTIVITIES.

A GREAT TEACHER  
ONCE SAID, "TO ENJOY  
LIFE, ONE MUST  
ACTUALLY LIVE."



A GREAT TEACHER.  
HUH. WHAT'S HE  
A TEACHER OF?



OH, DON'T  
MAKE ME  
SAY IT.

HELLO, MOST  
DISHONORABLE  
OPPONENTS.

I HOPE YOU  
HAVE SUFFICIENTLY  
PREPARED  
YOURSELF FOR THE  
HUMBLING SOON  
TO ENSUE.

I DON'T  
TALK LIKE  
THAT.

QUIET. I'M  
THE ONE  
NARRATING.

NO YOU  
AREN'T, I  
AM.

FINE. WE'LL  
TAKE TURNS.  
AGE BEFORE  
BEAUTY?





DEFEAT HAD MADE  
THESE EVIL MEN  
BITTER AND WITH  
TIME THAT BITTERNESS  
TURNED TO MALICE.

THEY ALL WANTED  
REVENGE...THE BLACK  
SANTAS, THE HITLER  
TWINS FROM  
PITTSBURGH...



THE CROSS-DRESSING, CAT-  
THEMED PROFESSIONAL  
WRESTLERS FROM THE  
WOMEN'S EXTREME  
WRESTLING LEAGUE: MISS  
SCRATCHY, SPOT AND  
DOCTOR HEMORRHOID...



THE NEEDY WOMEN  
OF RENO: ARIA,  
ARIANNA, ALANNA,  
AND ARIA...



THE THINKING  
MEN OF PALO  
ALTO: CAPTAIN  
ENVIRONMENT,  
CORPORATION MAN,  
THE INTERFACE AND  
CAPPUCCINO...



AND THE  
LUCHADORES...

THEY WANTED REVENGE--ALL  
OF THEM--SO BADLY THAT  
THEY MADE THE MISTAKE OF  
POOLING THEIR MONEY TOGETHER  
AND HIRING AN OUTSIDER TO  
MAKE SURE I WOULD NEVER  
AGAIN WIN THEIR RACE.





# SHANG-CHI: MASTER OF KUNG-FU & DEADPOOL IN The Annual Race to Benefit Various and Sundry Evil Organizations and Also The Homeless

NOW WITH BEER  
AND HOT DOGS

SOMETIMES  
YOU DO NOT  
GET WHAT YOU  
PAY FOR.

SAY  
IT WITH  
ME:

CROTCH  
ROCKET.

SOUND  
ACCURATE?

IT ROLLS  
OFF THE  
TONGUE.

CROTCH.  
CROTCH.  
CROTCH.





AND THEN  
IT WAS TIME  
TO RACE.

A SMALL ARMY OF  
COMPETITORS EDGED  
THE STARTING LINE. THE  
SUN WAS BEATING ON  
OUR BACKS AND THE  
SMELL OF GAS AND  
OIL FILLED THE AIR.

THEN THE  
FLAGGER  
DROPPED HER  
HANDKERCHIEF  
AND THE  
RACE WAS...

WAIT. WAIT.  
WAIT...

YOU  
FORGOT...

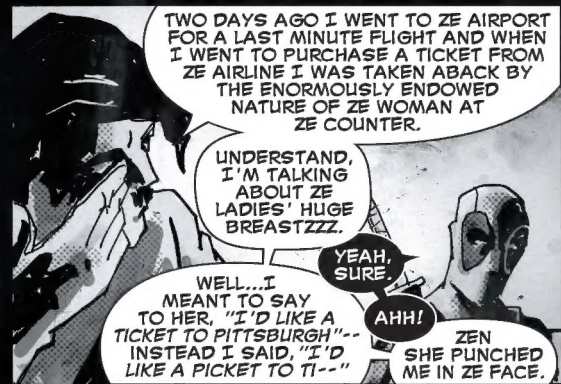
THIS  
HAPPENED  
FIRST.



HEY! BOTH  
OF YOU GUYS  
HAVE BLACK EYES,  
HOW DOES SOMETHING  
LIKE THAT  
HAPPEN?



MINE  
WAS A SLIP  
OF ZE  
TONGUE.



TWO DAYS AGO I WENT TO ZE AIRPORT  
FOR A LAST MINUTE FLIGHT AND WHEN  
I WENT TO PURCHASE A TICKET FROM  
ZE AIRLINE I WAS TAKEN ABACK BY  
THE ENORMOUSLY ENDOWED  
NATURE OF ZE WOMAN AT  
ZE COUNTER.

UNDERSTAND,  
I'M TALKING  
ABOUT ZE  
LADIES' HUGE  
BREASTZZ.

YEAH,  
SURE.

WELL...I  
MEANT TO SAY  
TO HER, "I'D LIKE A  
TICKET TO PITTSBURGH"---  
INSTEAD I SAID, "I'D  
LIKE A PICKET TO TI--"

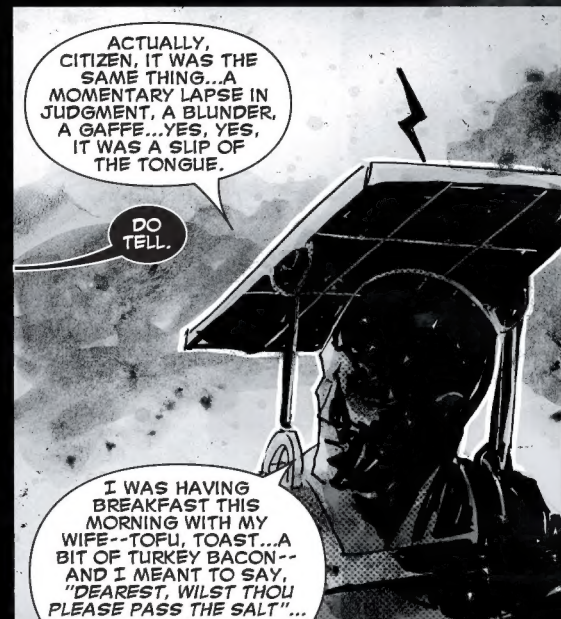
AHH!  
ZEN  
SHE PUNCHED  
ME IN ZE FACE.



UNDERSTANDABLE.

WHAT  
ABOUT  
YOU?

HRMMPH!

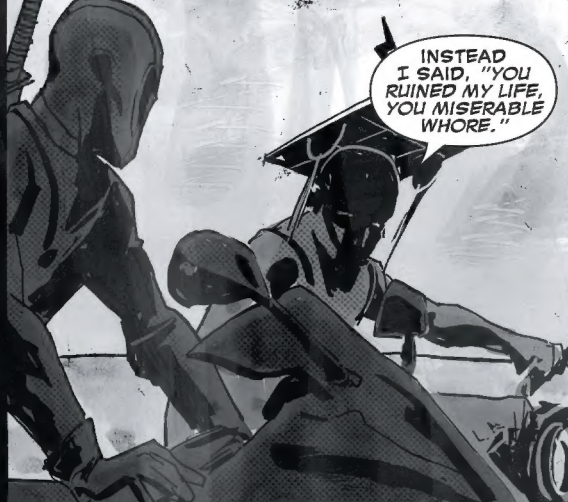


ACTUALLY,  
CITIZEN, IT WAS THE  
SAME THING...A  
MOMENTARY LAPSE IN  
JUDGMENT, A BLUNDER,  
A GAFFE...YES, YES,  
IT WAS A SLIP OF  
THE TONGUE.

DO  
TELL.

I WAS HAVING  
BREAKFAST THIS  
MORNING WITH MY  
WIFE--TOFU, TOAST...A  
BIT OF TURKEY BACON--  
AND I MEANT TO SAY,  
"DEAREST, WILST THOU  
PLEASE PASS THE SALT"---





INSTEAD  
I SAID, "YOU  
RUINED MY LIFE,  
YOU MISERABLE  
WHORE."



THAT'LL  
HAPPEN.

OKAY, NOW  
YOU CAN DO  
THE START OF  
THE RACE.



THANKS...AS I SAID.  
THE SUN WAS BEATING  
ON OUR BACKS AND  
SMELL OF GAS AND OIL  
FILLED THE AIR.

WHO'S  
READY TO  
RACE?!?



THEN  
THE FLAGGER  
WAVED HER  
HANDKERCHIEF...



GO!!!



AND WE  
WERE OFF!

HEY! HEY!  
WHERE ARE  
THEY GOING?

THEY'RE GOING  
SO FAST, WHAT IF  
THEY GET CONFUSED  
AND LOST?

IF ONLY THERE WERE  
SOME KIND OF DOCUMENT  
THAT SHOWED WHERE A  
RACE BEGAN, THE COURSE  
THAT IT FOLLOWED AND  
WHERE IT ENDED...

OH, WELL, FAREWELL BRAVE RACERS--  
GODSPEED--PERHAPS LUCK WILL HAVE  
OUR PATHS CROSSING AGAIN  
SOME DISTANT DAY IN THE FUTURE...

SO YOU  
WANT ME TO  
SHOW THEM  
THE MAP?



YEEEESSSS!  
A MAP...  
BRILLIANT!

FINISH LINE

THE DAREDEVIL DEATH COURSE  
OF MISTER KEN EVIL, ESQUIRE

STARTING LINE

SODOM'S DINER

THE TOPHETTI  
TUNNEL OF TERROR

THE LOST CITY  
OF NANAUATZIN



NOW IS AS  
GOOD A TIME AS ANY  
TO GO OVER THE  
RULES OF THE RACE:



ONLY BLUNT  
OBJECTS AND  
EDGE WEAPONS  
MAY BE USED  
DURING THE  
COURSE OF  
THE EVENT.



GUNS, GRENADES,  
ROCKET LAUNCHERS  
AND ANY OTHER  
PROJECTILES ARE  
PROHIBITED.



EXCEPT FOR DESIGNATED  
REST AREAS AND RACE  
CHALLENGES, IF ANY RIDER GETS  
OFF OF--OR IS REMOVED  
FROM--THEIR BIKE, THEY ARE  
IMMEDIATELY DISQUALIFIED.





AND FINALLY...ONCE A RIDER IS OUT OF THE RACE, THAT PERSON IS NO LONGER "IN PLAY" AND IS NO LONGER FAIR GAME.

THEY SHOULD NOT BE ENGAGED IN ANY WAY.

PRETTY STRAIGHT-FORWARD.

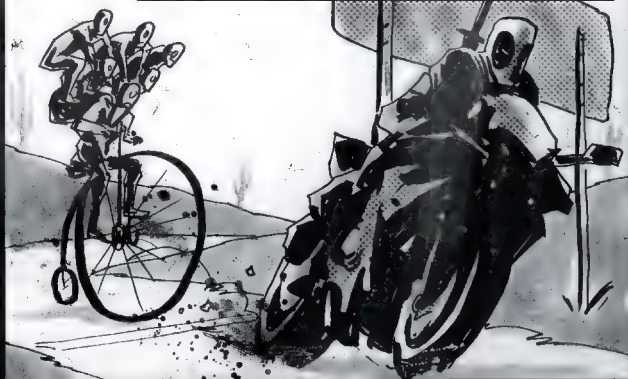


RACE CASUALTIES WERE EARLY AND OFTEN THAT YEAR.

SURPRISINGLY, THE HITLER TWINS WENT OUT FIRST.



LESS STUNNING WAS THE PREDICTABLE, AND ANNUAL, ELIMINATION OF THE LUCHADORES..

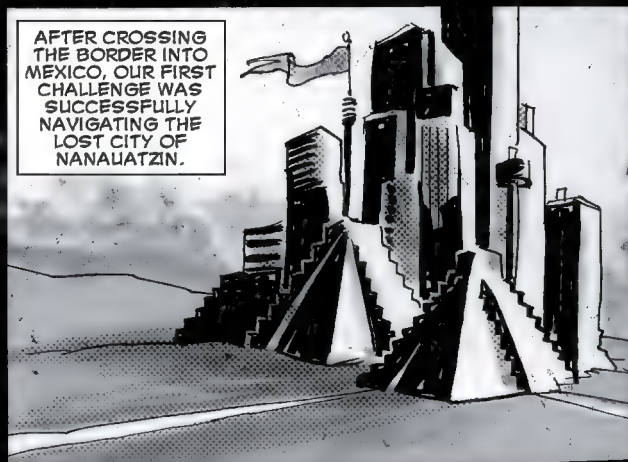


EVERY YEAR THEY STARTED OUT WITH THE INTENTION OF WINNING THE RACE, BUT WHEN IT CAME TIME TO CROSS THE BORDER, THEY COULDN'T STAND TO LEAVE THE COUNTRY THEY HAD GROWN TO LOVE.



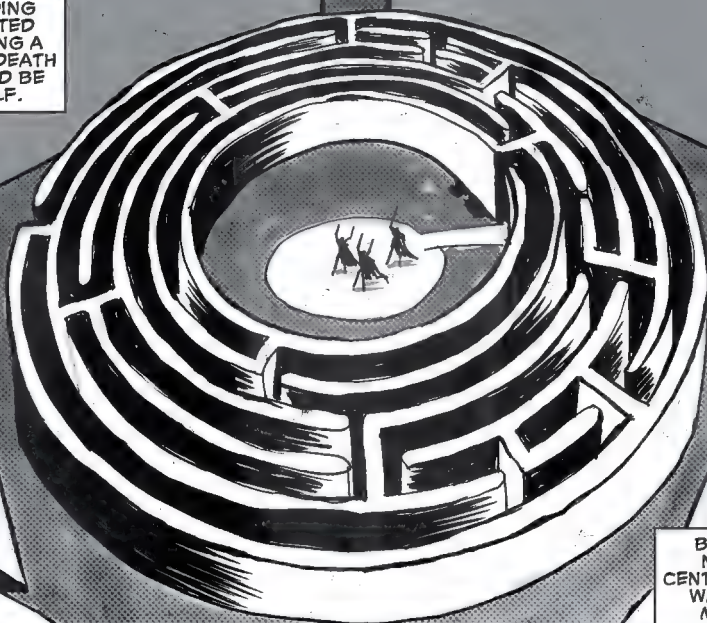
OH, AND THEY WERE ALSO WANTED ON DRUG TRAFFICKING, EXTORTION, AND KIDNAPPING CHARGES.

AFTER CROSSING THE BORDER INTO MEXICO, OUR FIRST CHALLENGE WAS SUCCESSFULLY NAVIGATING THE LOST CITY OF NANAUATZIN.





NORMALLY THE FINDING  
OF A HIDDEN, HAUNTED  
CITY AND OVERCOMING A  
GIANT LABYRINTH OF DEATH  
AT ITS CENTER WOULD BE  
A FEAT UNTO ITSELF.



BUT AT THE HEART OF  
NANAUATZIN, AT THE  
CENTER OF THIS DARK PLACE,  
WAS SOMETHING EVEN  
MORE DANGEROUS...

THE MINOTAUR  
MATADORS OF  
THE MAZE!

ONCE UPON A TIME--BEFORE  
NANAUATZIN BECAME LOST--  
THEY WERE VEGETARIANS,  
BUT WHEN THE CITY GREW  
MAD IN ISOLATION THEIR  
APPETITES CHANGED  
INTO WANTING SOMETHING  
FATTY AND TENDER.



THOSE  
BULL-BASTARDS  
WANTED TO  
EAT US!



SO THE GOAL WAS  
TO FIND THE CITY,  
NAVIGATE THE  
MAZE AND AVOID  
BECOMING A SNACK.





OKAY, I WANT TO INTERRUPT HERE TO SAY THAT THIS IS AN EXCELLENT EXAMPLE OF A PERFECTLY PERFORMED SLEEPER HOLD.

NOTICE HOW EVEN THIS GUY KNOWS TO COMPRESS BOTH CAROTID ARTERIES WITHOUT CRUSHING THE AIRWAY.

WHICH, I WOULD ARGUE, HOWEVER BAD, IS BETTER THAN TAKING ONE IN THE SEAT.

THAT'S HOW YOU DO IT.

WHICH IS BAD FOR THIS GUY/GIRL/WHATEVER... CAUSE, YOU KNOW, THEY'RE GONNA GET EATEN.

CAUSE THAT'S JUST A CRAPPY WAY TO GO OUT.

OKAY, I'M DRAWING A BLANK... WHAT CAME AFTER THE CITY?

YOU DON'T REMEMBER?

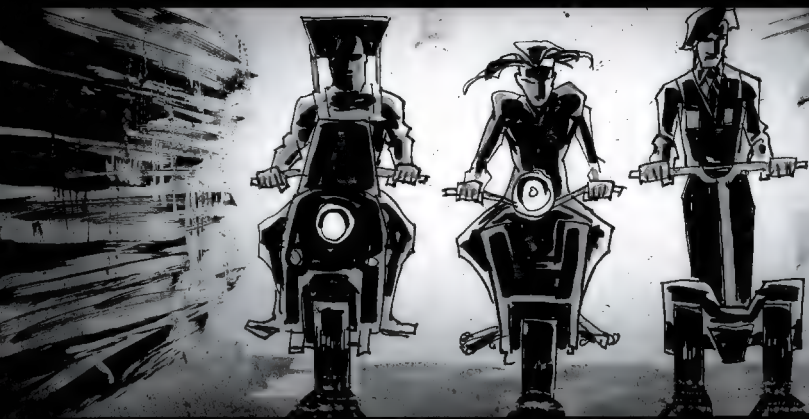
WHY WOULD I ASK IF I REMEMBERED?

GOOD POINT...BUT HOW CAN YOU NOT REMEMBER TOPHETTI'S TUNNEL OF TERROR?

BECAUSE IT'S GOT A STUPID, AND FORGETTABLE, NAME?

NO, BECAUSE OF WHAT HAPPENED THERE...





FOR YEARS THE TUNNEL WAS USED BY THE CORTEZ CARTEL TO SMUGGLE DRUGS AND SEX SLAVES INTO THE UNITED STATES AND TO FUNNEL MONEY AND FIREARMS BACK INTO MEXICO.

ON ONE PARTICULAR SCORCHING DAY IN JUNE, THE CABALLEROS-- A RIVAL CARTEL-- ATTEMPTED A TAKEOVER OF THE CORTEZ BUSINESS.



THEY MURDERED ESTIBAN CORTEZ--THE KINGPIN OF THE FAMILY--AND CHASED HIS SON, JAVI, TO THIS TUNNEL AS HE TRIED TO ESCAPE THE CABALLEROS.

UNFORTUNATELY FOR JAVI, THERE WERE TWO THINGS HE DID NOT KNOW AT THIS POINT:

1. THAT THE MOMENT HE CHOSE TO FLEE WAS AT THE EXACT SAME TIME THAT 100 WHORES FROM HERMOSILLO AND A SMALL ARMY OF CORTEZ LOYALISTS CARRYING 500 POUNDS OF COCAINE WERE MAKING THEIR WAY THROUGH THE TUNNEL.

AND 2. THE TUNNEL HAD COLLAPSED 1 MILE FROM THE EXIT IN THE U.S.

THE CABALLEROS SEALED THE ENTRANCE IN MEXICO, IN ESSENCE BURYING EVERYONE ALIVE.

THE FIRST DAY SAW THE CONTINUAL RAPE OF THE WOMEN AND THE LAST OF THEIR WATER BEING CONSUMED.

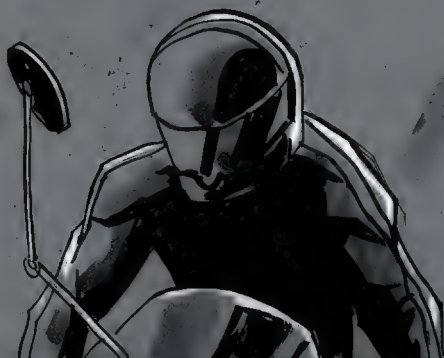
AFTER THE SECOND DAY, SOME DRUG-ADDLED SOUL CAME UP WITH THE IDEA THAT MAYBE THEY COULD DRINK THE BLOOD OF THE WEAKEST OF THEM TO SURVIVE.

BY THE THIRD DAY THE TUNNEL HAD DESCENDED INTO THE TYPE OF MURDEROUS HELL THAT NO MAN COULD ESCAPE WITH HIS SANITY INTACT.

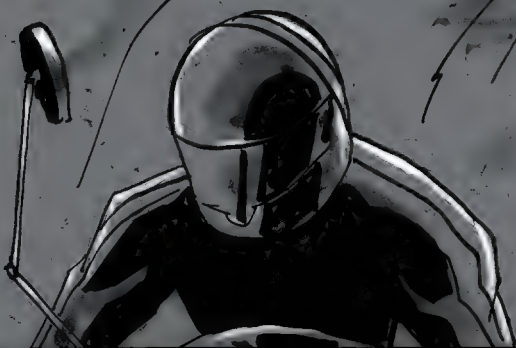


IN FACT, NO MAN OR  
WHORE LEFT THAT PLACE  
WITH THEIR LIVES OR  
THEIR SOUL. AND NOW  
IT'S BECOME A TUNNEL  
OF THE DAMNED.

NO ONE  
ESCAPES  
UNAFFECTED.



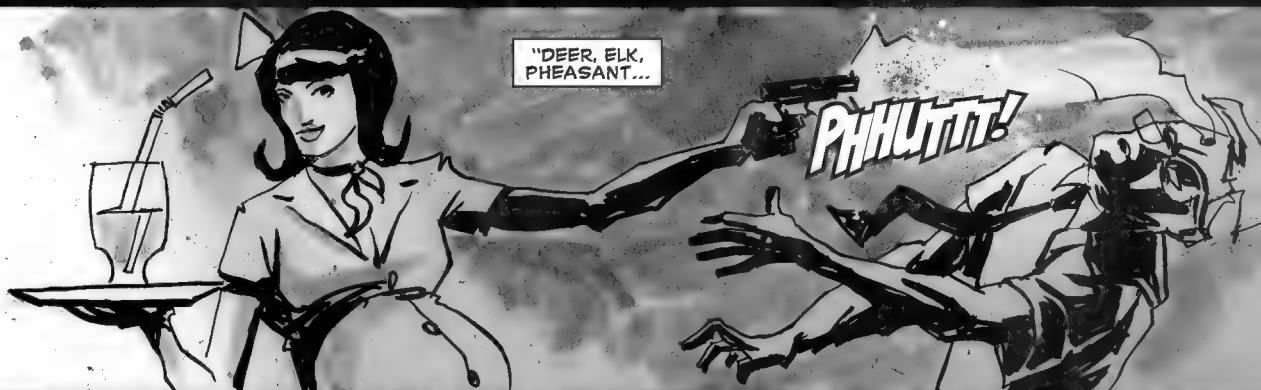
HEY, YOU  
HUNGRY?



YEAH.  
I'LL CALL  
AHEAD FOR  
CURBSIDE.









"MYSTERY MEAT.  
HUH...WHAT DO  
YOU THINK IT IS?"

**ZZZZZZ  
CH-CHUNK!**



I DUNNO...MAYBE  
LAMB.

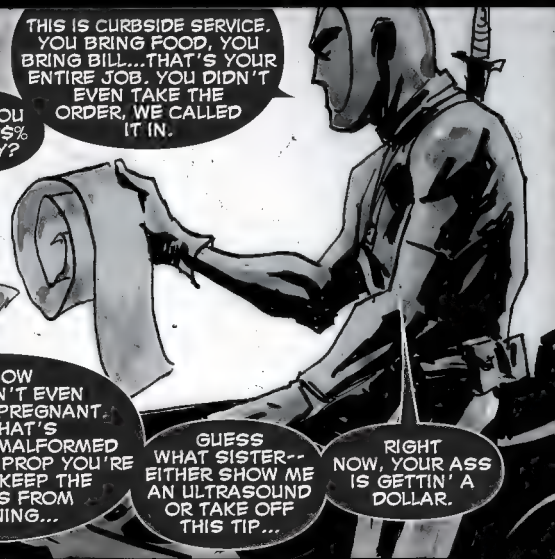
WHO CARES,  
RIGHT? ANYTHING  
THIS TASTY, ALL I  
WANT TO KNOW  
IS CAN I HAVE  
SECONDS.



HERE'S  
YOUR  
BILL.

HEY...  
WHAT'S  
THIS?

IT'S.  
YOUR.  
BILL.



NO, I MEAN WHAT'S  
THIS--IT'S ALREADY  
GOT THE TIP INCLUDED  
AND IT'S, WHAT,  
THIRTY PERCENT?

ARE YOU  
%\$@##\$%  
CRAZY?

THIS IS CURBSIDE SERVICE.  
YOU BRING FOOD, YOU  
BRING BILL...THAT'S YOUR  
ENTIRE JOB. YOU DIDN'T  
EVEN TAKE THE  
ORDER, WE CALLED  
IT IN.

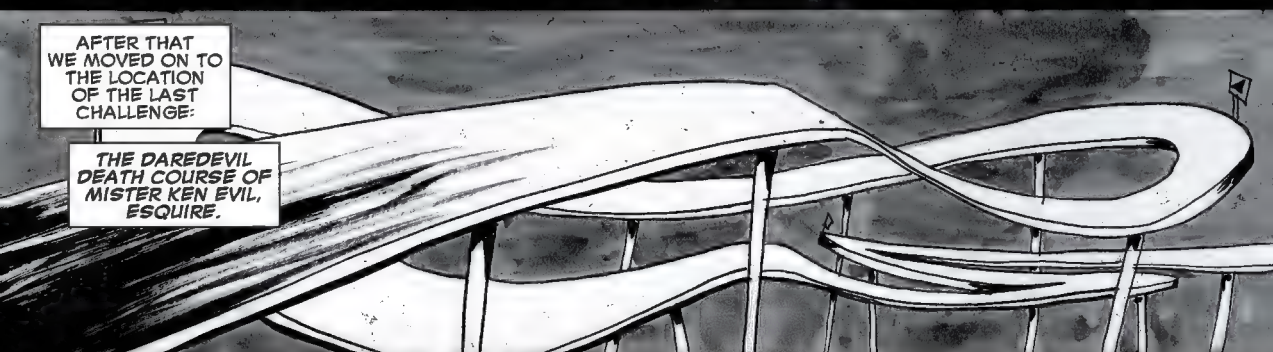
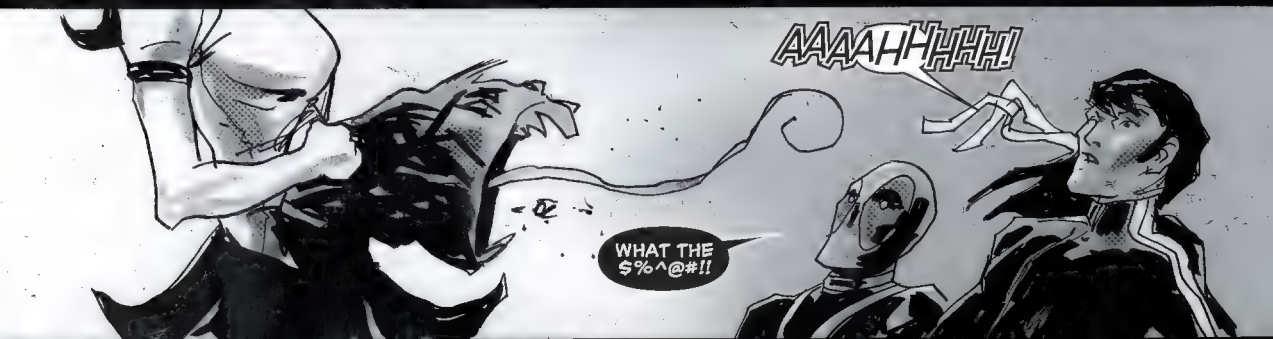
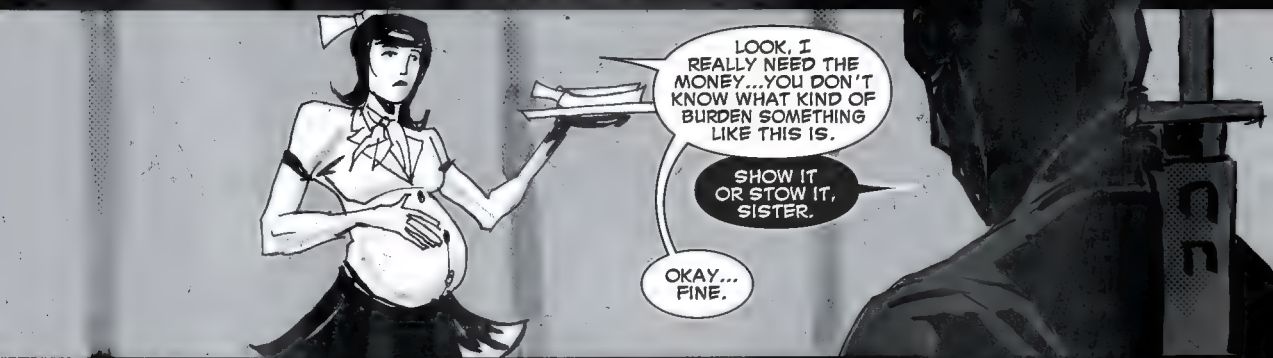
AND FOR  
THAT YOU  
WANT THIRTY  
PERCENT?

YOU KNOW  
WHAT, I DON'T EVEN  
THINK YOU'RE PREGNANT.  
I THINK THAT'S  
SOME KIND OF MALFORMED  
GUT OR A STAGE PROP YOU'RE  
HOPING WILL KEEP THE  
CUSTOMERS FROM  
COMPLAINING...

GUESS  
WHAT SISTER--  
EITHER SHOW ME  
AN ULTRASOUND  
OR TAKE OFF  
THIS TIP...

RIGHT  
NOW, YOUR ASS  
IS GETTIN' A  
DOLLAR.







THE BLACK SANTAS AND THE NEEDY WOMEN OF RENO ARRIVED AT THE DEATH COURSE BEFORE US ON ACCOUNT OF HAVING ONLY A SINGLE HOT DOG AT THE DINER BEFORE MOVING ON...

HOW DOES SOMEONE DO THAT? HOW DO YOU EAT JUST ONE?

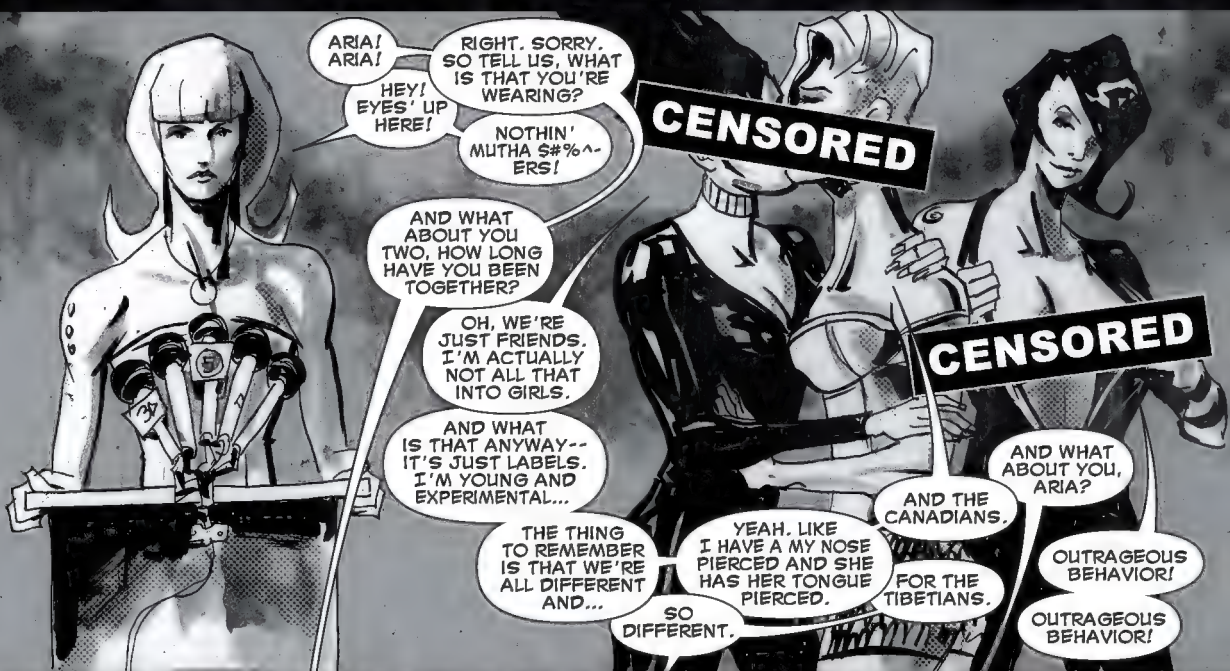
I HAVE NO IDEA--IT SEEMS IMPOSSIBLE, AND YET, HERE THEY ARE.

DEATH COURSE

THE BLACK SANTAS MADE IT THROUGH THE COURSE UNSCATHED.

BUT THE CHALLENGE AT MISTER EVIL'S IS THE ONLY ONE THAT TAKES PLACE IN THE UNITED STATES--THEREFORE PRESENTING THE OPTIMAL AVENUE FOR MEDIA AND PUBLIC RELATIONS PHOTOS.

THE NEEDY WOMEN DE-BIKED POSTHASTE.



ARIA!  
ARIA!

HEY!  
EYES' UP  
HERE!

RIGHT. SORRY.  
SO TELL US, WHAT  
IS THAT YOU'RE  
WEARING?

NOTHIN'  
MUTHA \$%~  
ERS!

AND WHAT  
ABOUT YOU  
TWO, HOW LONG  
HAVE YOU BEEN  
TOGETHER?

OH, WE'RE  
JUST FRIENDS.  
I'M ACTUALLY  
NOT ALL THAT  
INTO GIRLS.

AND WHAT  
IS THAT ANYWAY--  
IT'S JUST LABELS.  
I'M YOUNG AND  
EXPERIMENTAL...

THE THING  
TO REMEMBER  
IS THAT WE'RE  
ALL DIFFERENT  
AND...

SO DIFFERENT.

YEAH. LIKE  
I HAVE A MY NOSE  
PIERCED AND SHE  
HAS HER TONGUE  
PIERCED.

AND THE  
CANADIANS.

FOR THE  
TIBETIANS.

AND WHAT  
ABOUT YOU,  
ARIA?

OUTRAGEOUS  
BEHAVIOR!

OUTRAGEOUS  
BEHAVIOR!

**CENSORED**

**CENSORED**

THIS LEFT ONLY THE TWO OF US AND THE BLACK SANTAS COMPETING FOR THE TROPHY. THEN IT WAS TIME FOR THE INEVITABLE.

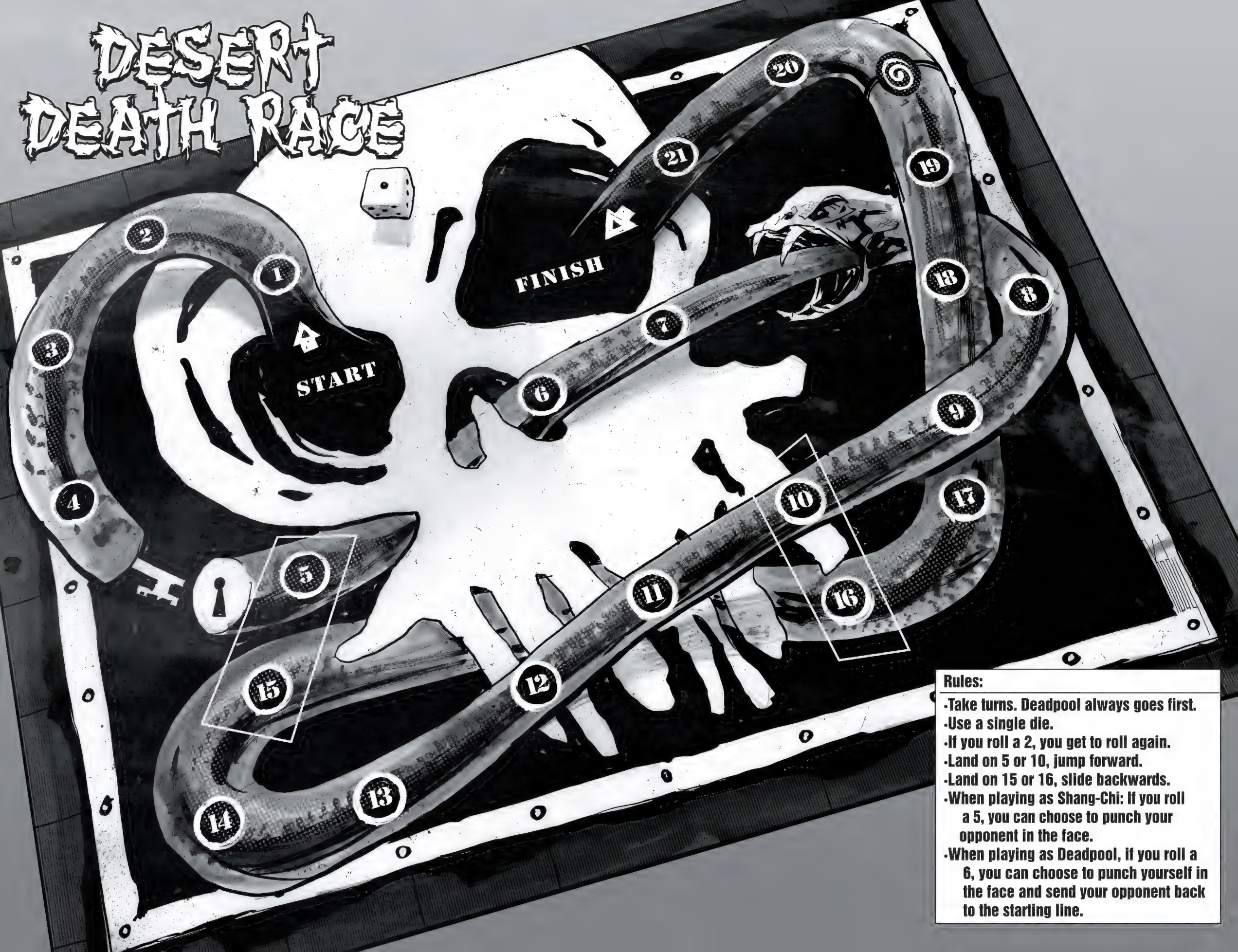
HEY, I'VE HAD A LOT OF FUN TODAY, BUT THESE PEOPLE PAID ME A LOT OF MONEY TO MAKE SURE YOU DON'T WIN.

I HAVE TO KICK YOUR ASS NOW.

TO THE DEATH THEN.



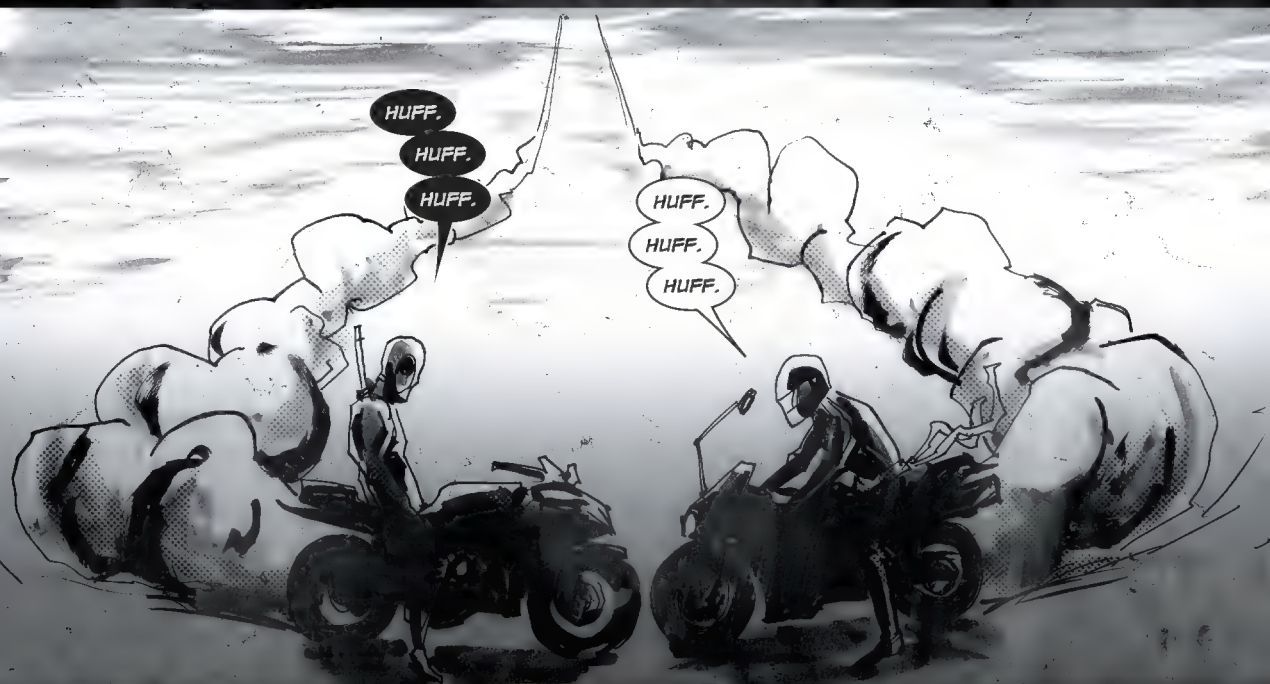
# DESERT DEATH RACE



## Rules:

- Take turns. Deadpool always goes first.
- Use a single die.
- If you roll a 2, you get to roll again.
- Land on 5 or 10, jump forward.
- Land on 15 or 16, slide backwards.
- When playing as Shang-Chi: If you roll a 5, you can choose to punch your opponent in the face.
- When playing as Deadpool, if you roll a 6, you can choose to punch yourself in the face and send your opponent back to the starting line.







SO A SHORT WHILE  
LATER WE FOUND OURSELVES  
BACK AT THE DINER--EATING  
THE BEST DOGS ON THE  
PLANET--AND TRYING TO  
GUESS EXACTLY WHAT THAT  
MYSTERY MEAT WAS.

I REMEMBER  
THERE WAS ONE  
THING THAT DID KIND  
OF BOTHER ME.

BABY  
KITTENS  
MAYBE?

NAH--  
A LITTLE  
TOO GAMEY  
FOR CAT.

I GOTTA  
TELL YOU, THE  
BLACK SANTAS  
WINNING THE RACE  
DOES CHAFE  
A BIT.

BUT YOU DIDN'T  
HAVE TO WORRY  
ABOUT THAT...

IN FACT YOU  
DON'T EVEN  
HAVE TO WORRY  
ABOUT THE RACE  
ANYMORE.

WHAT  
DID YOU  
DO?

WELL, I FIGURED  
THERE WAS THE  
POSSIBILITY THAT YOU  
COULD FINISH THE  
RACE FIRST EVEN  
IF I TRIED TO STOP  
YOU, SO I WIRED  
THE TROPHY TO BLOW  
WHEN THE WINNER  
LIFTED IT UP IN THE AIR.

I STILL CAN'T  
BELIEVE YOU WERE  
GOING TO BLOW  
ME UP.

WELL THAT WAS BEFORE I  
GOT TO KNOW YOU. HOW  
WAS I SUPPOSE TO KNOW  
YOU WERE A COOL GUY?

WAIT, ARE  
YOU POUTING?  
OH STOP THAT!

FINE.

I'M SORRY  
I PLANNED TO  
BLOW YOU UP...





IS THAT BETTER?

YES.

AND I THINK IT'S SOMETHING IN THE RODENT FAMILY... POSSUM, MAYBE

WHO CARES?

HERE'S TO THREE YEARS OF NO RACING...

AND TO THREE YEARS OF GOOD EATING.

THAT'LL BE \$752.37.



END



粥粉麵飯

這兩天我都在香港, 被人監視著。  
是誰我還不知道, 不過我從背後感覺到  
他的目光。 他不會靠得太近或太遠。



I have spent the last two days in Hong Kong, being closely watched. By whom I know not. Yet I can feel their cold stares upon my back, never getting too close or too far.





我不認得這個臉孔。我們一直看著對方，每秒鐘都變得很漫長。我們互相打量對方，從他的姿勢可以看出他的實力。

你一直跟著我想怎麼樣？

因為你是上氣。聽說你是最強的，像一個活武器。我是來看你有多強的。



I do not recognize the face. And as we stand facing each other, seconds grow heavy. Each of us assessing the other's strength. I learn much from his stance.



"You've been following me. What do you want?"



"They say you are the best, Shang-Chi. That you are a living weapon. I am here to see how good you really are."





你會後悔的。

"That was a mistake."



你馬上就會看到我有多強。

"Because you're now going to find out."





格鬥的藝術是一種舞步。

The art of battle is a dance.



他展開, 我退縮。

When he expands. I contract.

他退縮,

我展開。

When he contracts...I expand.



我一看到破綻  
就把握機會。

And when the opportunity presents itself-I seize it.





他的戰鬥技巧一流。他已經放棄  
自尊，克服最大的難關——自己。



My enemy is well trained in the arts of combat.  
He has surrendered to pride. Overcoming his greatest obstacle—himself.



這樣的人什麼都不怕。

For he who does that fears nothing.







我遇過無數的對手，但這次不一樣。他身子高大，身手靈活，具有像職業殺手般的殺氣。

可是我覺得他不是為報酬而來的。

你是誰？

我叫李火，是將會結束你生命的人。

I have faced countless warriors over the years. But this one is special. He stands tall, limber, with the deadly demeanor of a professional assassin. Yet I sense he is here for reasons other than a bounty.

"What is your name?"

"My name is Huo Li. It is the name of the man who will end your life."



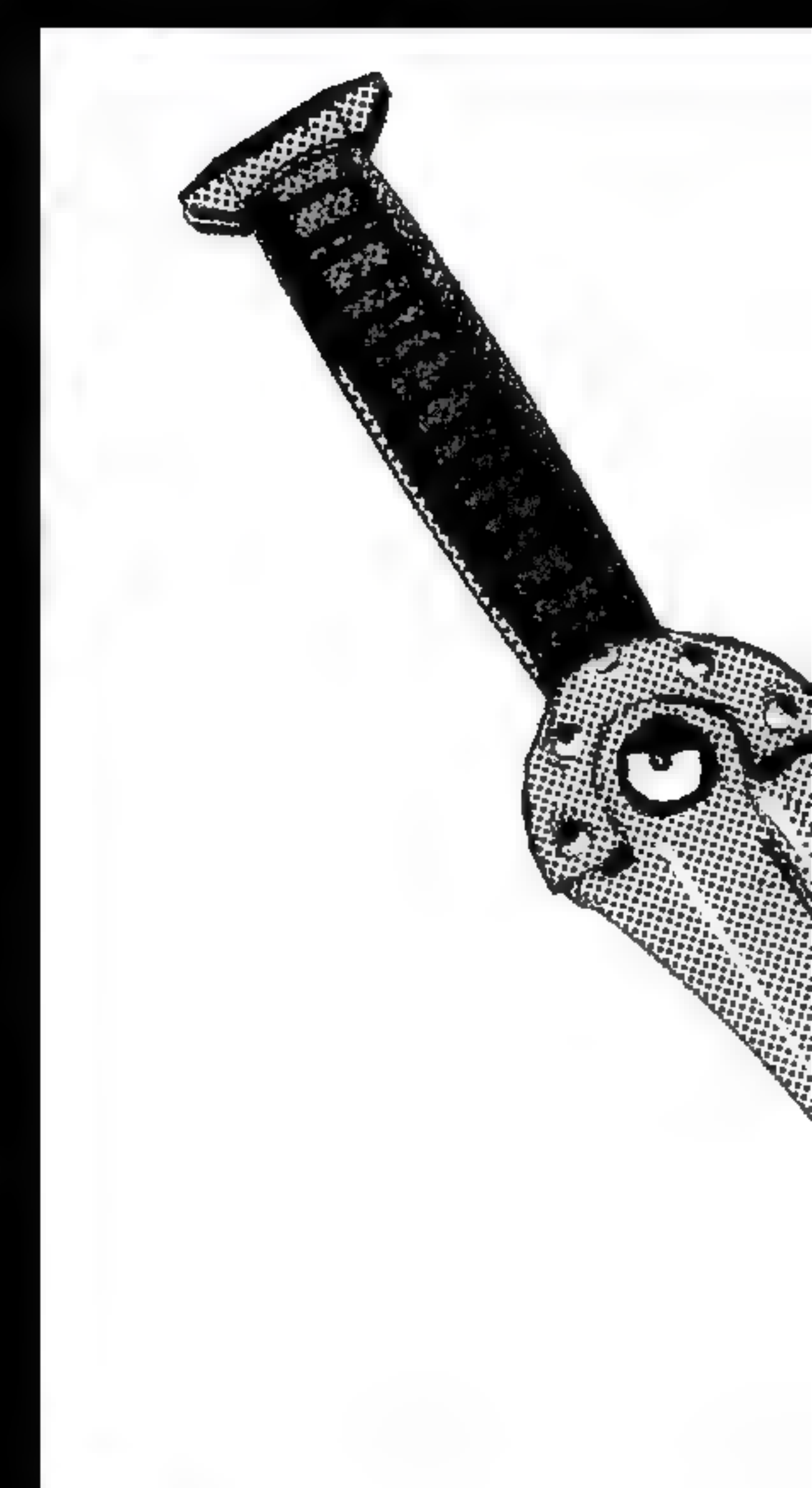
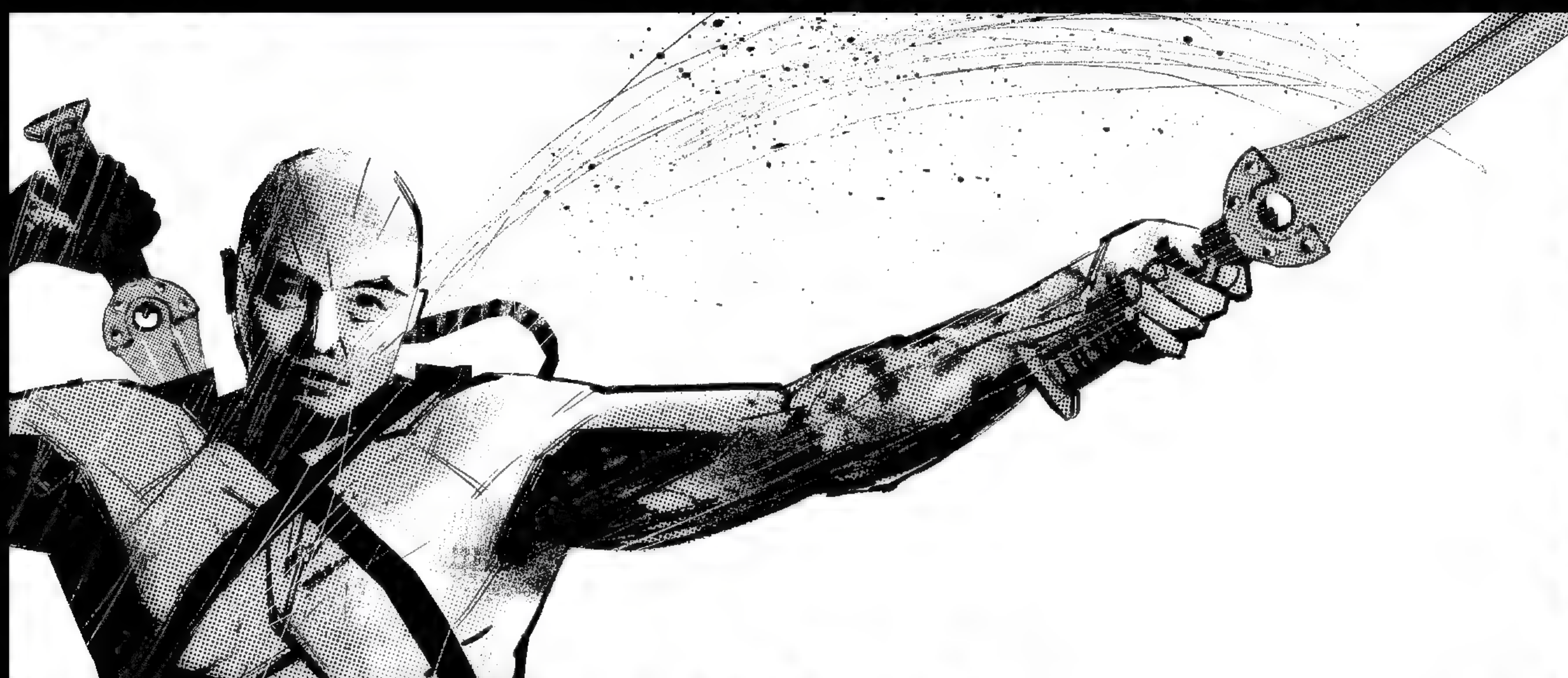
既然你這麼有信心，你大可以說出是誰派你來的。

"And since you are certain of my death Huo Li--surely you can say who sent you?"



我是為自己而來的。我要報仇。

"I am here on my own accord. I am here for vengeance."



你為誰報仇？

"Whose vengeance do you seek?"



你現在知道了。

"You will learn soon enough."

CLICK



CHAK!





他說得對，我現在明白了。  
我很多年沒見過這武器了。  
它曾經屬於一位自稱  
“死亡交易者”的殺手。

他的原名是李昌霖，  
是個叛國者。  
他是一個叛組的MI-6特務。

He was correct. I understood. It had been years since I had seen that instrument of death. It belonged to a mercenary who called himself The Death Dealer.  
His real name was Li Chang-Lin. He was a traitor to his country. A former MI6 operative who went rogue.



也是我父親的同盟。

Li Chang-Lin was also an ally to  
my father.

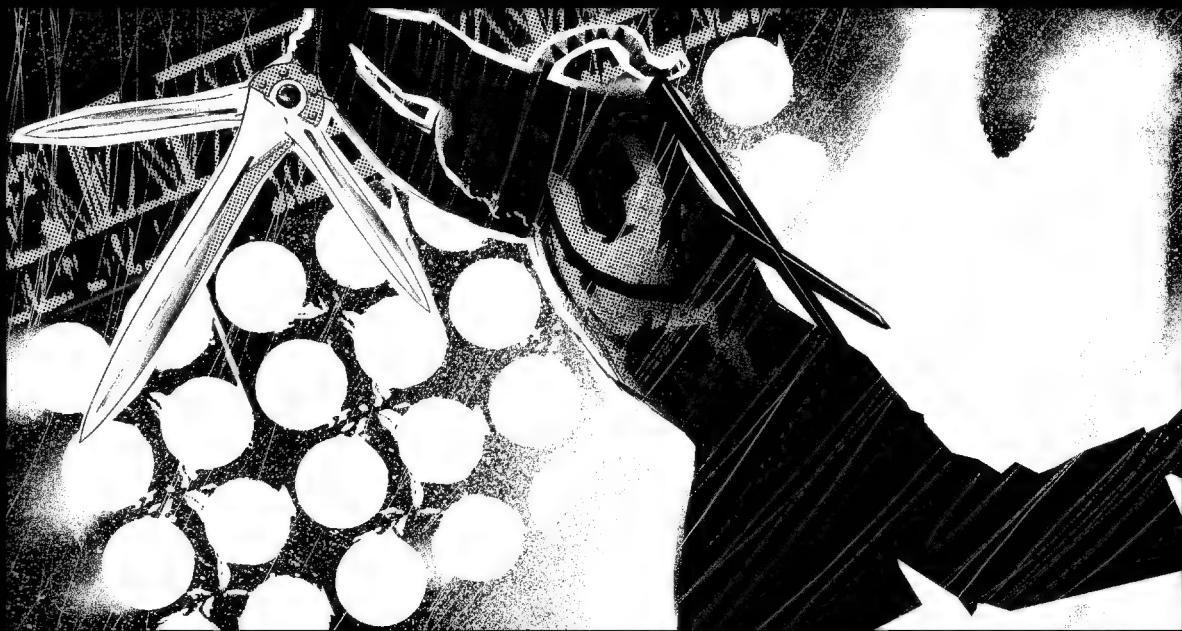


年輕的李火已經遠遠  
超越他父親。

Young Huo Li was already  
far more proficient than  
his father ever was.







服從命令是  
我的職責，  
能替神聖無上之人  
辦事是我的榮幸。

"It is my duty to obey--and my honor to grant the celestial one's request."



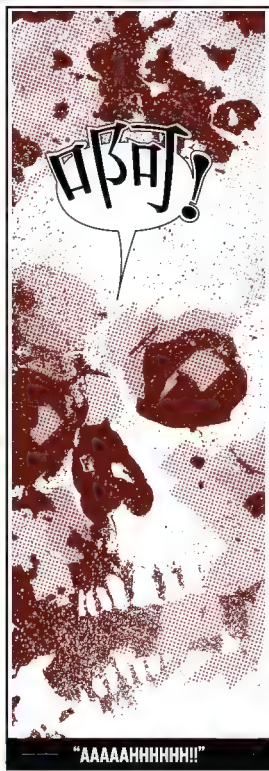


你可以就此  
罷休，現在離開  
也不算羞恥。

"This does not have to go  
any further. There is no  
dishonor in walking away."

我練一生的武  
功就是為了這  
一刻。

"I've trained my entire  
life for this moment."



啊！

"AAAAHHHHHH!!!"



我永遠不會忘 記李昌霖被燒死時的慘叫聲。

I will never forget Li Chang-Lin's screams as the flames took him.



到今天我還在問自  
己，當時我能放他  
一條生路嗎？

To this day I wonder: Could I have spared his life?



不。

No.



但是我可以放過他兒子。

啊啊!

But I can spare his son's.

我明白你要報仇的心。你要知道這是一條不歸路，而死的不會是我。

"I understand your need for revenge.

Just know this is a road that ends in death. And it will not be mine."

繼續練好你的武功吧。

我會等你。

"Train harder.  
I'll be waiting  
for you."

完

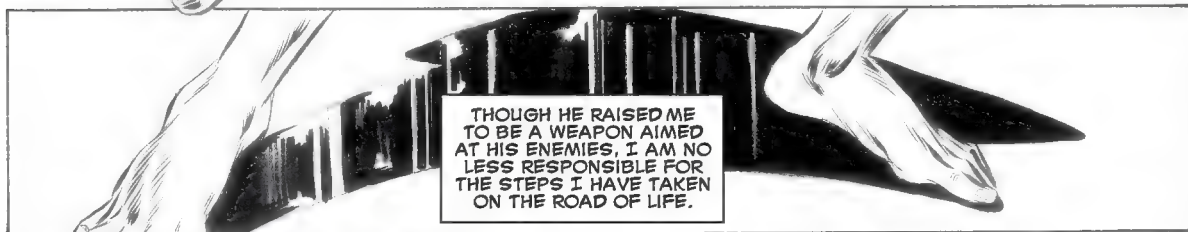
THE END



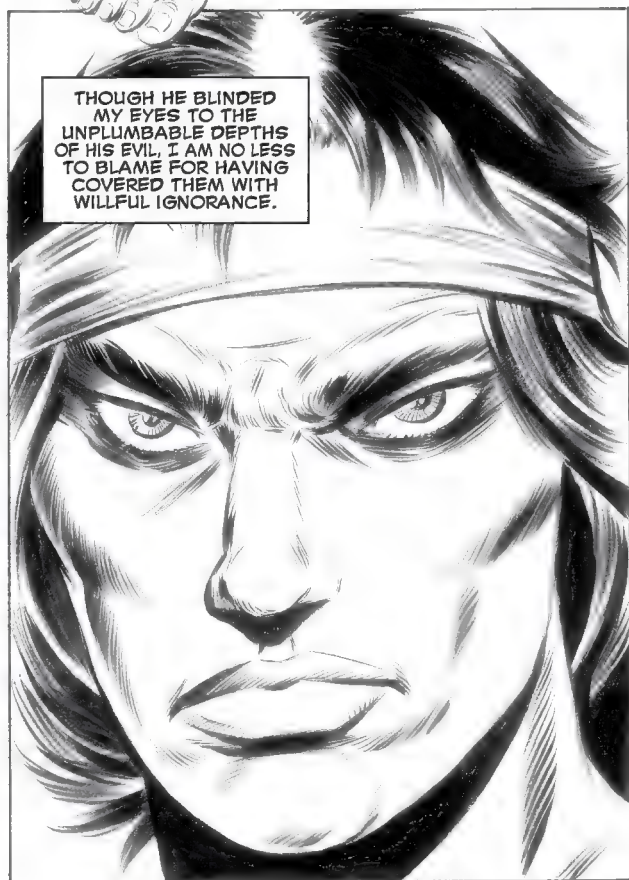


I AM MY  
FATHER'S SON. THE  
BLOOD ON MY HANDS  
ATTESTS TO HIS  
FOUL PARENTAGE.

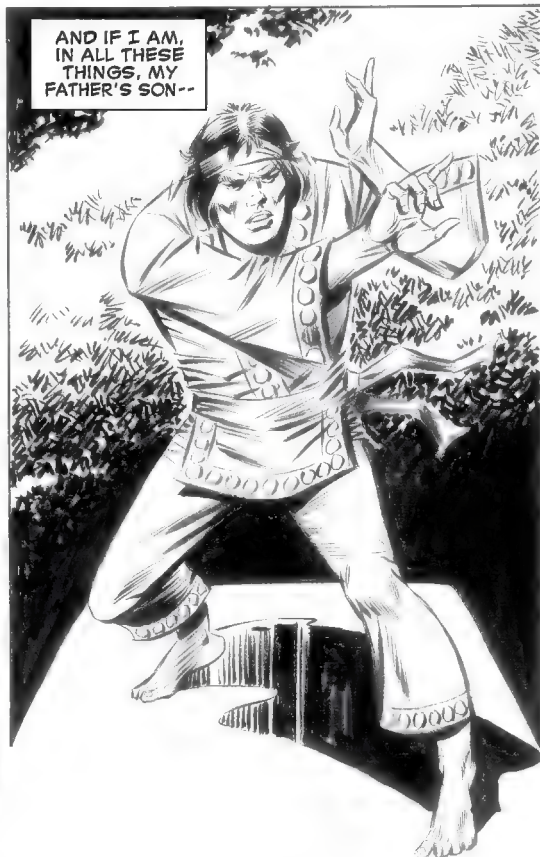
FOR THOUGH HE  
LED ME WITH HIS  
LIES TO KILL, I AM  
NO LESS GUILTY  
OF THE CRIME.



THOUGH HE RAISED ME  
TO BE A WEAPON AIMED  
AT HIS ENEMIES, I AM NO  
LESS RESPONSIBLE FOR  
THE STEPS I HAVE TAKEN  
ON THE ROAD OF LIFE.



THOUGH HE BLINDED  
MY EYES TO THE  
UNPLUMBABLE DEPTHS  
OF HIS EVIL, I AM NO LESS  
TO BLAME FOR HAVING  
COVERED THEM WITH  
WILLFUL IGNORANCE.



AND IF I AM,  
IN ALL THESE  
THINGS, MY  
FATHER'S SON--



THEN  
SURELY HE IS  
AS WELL.

THOUGH THE  
BLOOD IN OUR VEINS  
IS UTTERLY DIFFERENT,  
MY FATHER MOLDED US  
AS BROTHERS.

M'NAI. BECOME  
MIDNIGHT. AND NOW,  
BECOME SOMETHING  
ELSE AGAIN.

SOMETHING  
RISEN FROM  
THE DEAD!







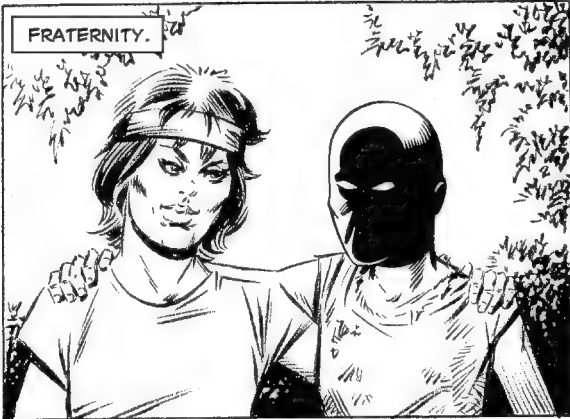
IN THE  
SHOCK OF THE  
MOMENT...



...SEEING  
HIM AGAIN...



...I CANNOT  
RESIST THE PULL  
OF OUR PAST.



FRATERNITY.



ENMITY.



MORTALITY.



WHATEVER  
STRANGE FATE  
HAS LED TO THIS  
ENCOUNTER, I WILL  
NOT LET IT END  
AS BEFORE.





AT LAST I  
HAVE FOUND HIM.  
MY EARLIEST AND  
MOST POTENT  
MEMORY.

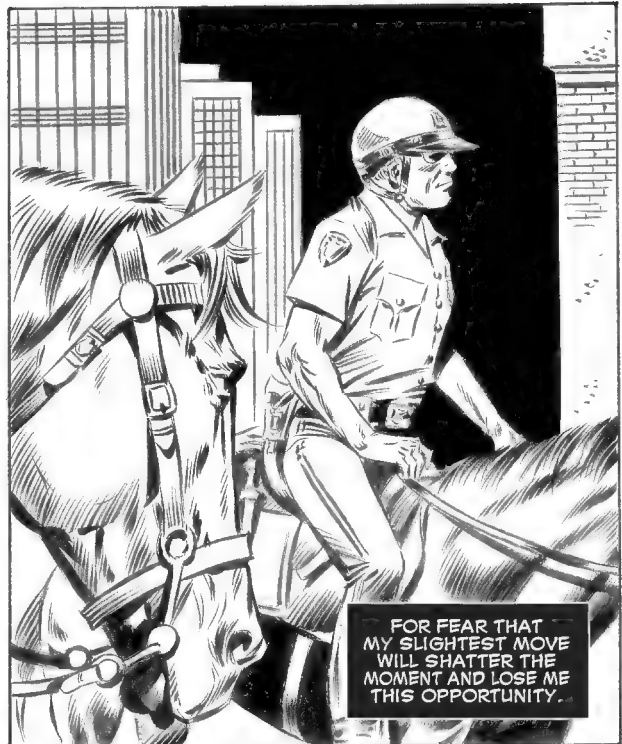
FROZEN IN  
THE VACUUM OF  
MY PAST AS IF IN  
DEEPEST SPACE.



KREE SCIENCE,  
THAT RESTORED LIFE  
TO MY BODY AND STOLE  
MY VOICE, HAS DENIED ME  
MORE THAN A PITIFUL  
FEW MEMORIES.

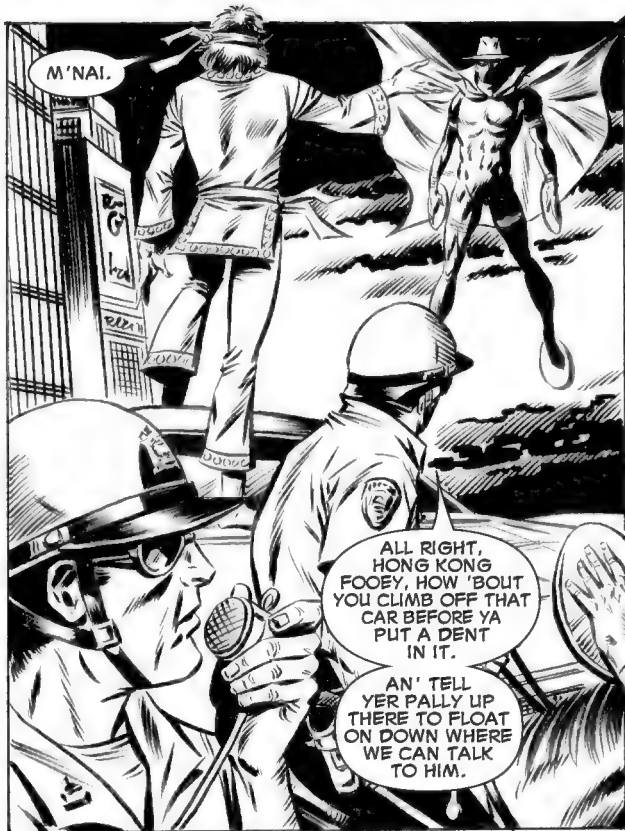


FACED NOW  
WITH THE CHANCE TO  
BREATHE LIFE INTO THIS  
TABLEAU, I FIND I AM  
FROZEN MYSELF.



FOR FEAR THAT  
MY SLIGHTEST MOVE  
WILL SHATTER THE  
MOMENT AND LOSE ME  
THIS OPPORTUNITY.

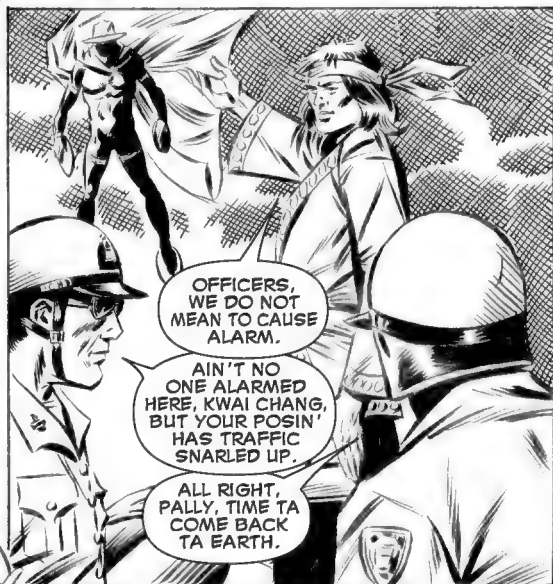




M'NAI.

ALL RIGHT, HONG KONG FOOEY, HOW 'BOUT YOU CLIMB OFF THAT CAR BEFORE YA PUT A DENT IN IT.

AN' TELL YER PALLY UP THERE TO FLOAT ON DOWN WHERE WE CAN TALK TO HIM.



OFFICERS, WE DO NOT MEAN TO CAUSE ALARM.

AIN'T NO ONE ALARMED HERE, KWAI CHANG, BUT YOUR POSIN' HAS TRAFFIC SNARLED UP.

ALL RIGHT, PALLY, TIME TA COME BACK TA EARTH.



I AM SORRY FOR THE INCONVENIENCE. I WOULD BE HAPPY TO DEPART, BUT I CANNOT SPEAK FOR HIM.

INDEED, I CANNOT SAY FOR CERTAIN IF HE WILL SPEAK FOR HIMSELF.

WELL IF HE WON'T TALK HERE, YA CAN BOTH TALK AT THE STATION.

TIGHT-LIPPED IS HE?



THESE ARMED MEN, SOLDIERS BY THEIR UNIFORMS. WHY DO THEY MENACE HIM?



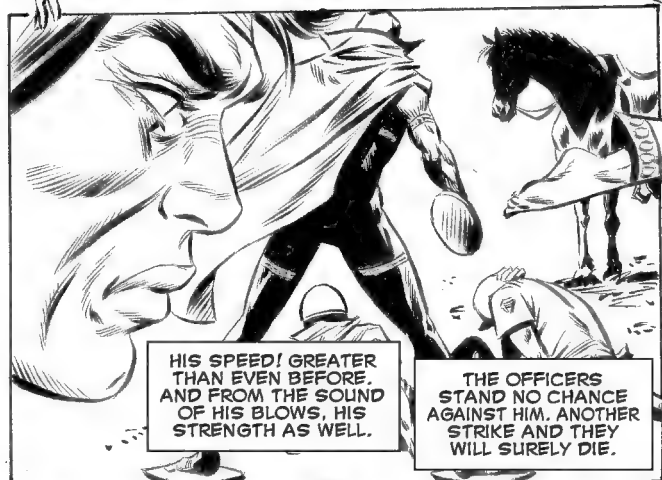
LET'S MAKE THIS EASY, BRUCE LEE.

CHAINS!



NO! IF THEY TAKE HIM I MAY NEVER KNOW WHO I AM!





HIS SPEED! GREATER THAN EVEN BEFORE. AND FROM THE SOUND OF HIS BLOWS, HIS STRENGTH AS WELL.

THE OFFICERS STAND NO CHANCE AGAINST HIM. ANOTHER STRIKE AND THEY WILL SURELY DIE.



IT SEEMS, MIDNIGHT. THAT YOUR JOURNEY IN THE AFTERLIFE HAS NOT CHANGED YOU.



HE CALLS ME BY NAME!

THERE IS NOTHING TO BE PROVED BY OUR FIGHTING. I HAVE BESTED YOU ONCE ALREADY.



BESTED ME? WE HAVE FOUGHT. THEN MY MEMORY IS TRUE.

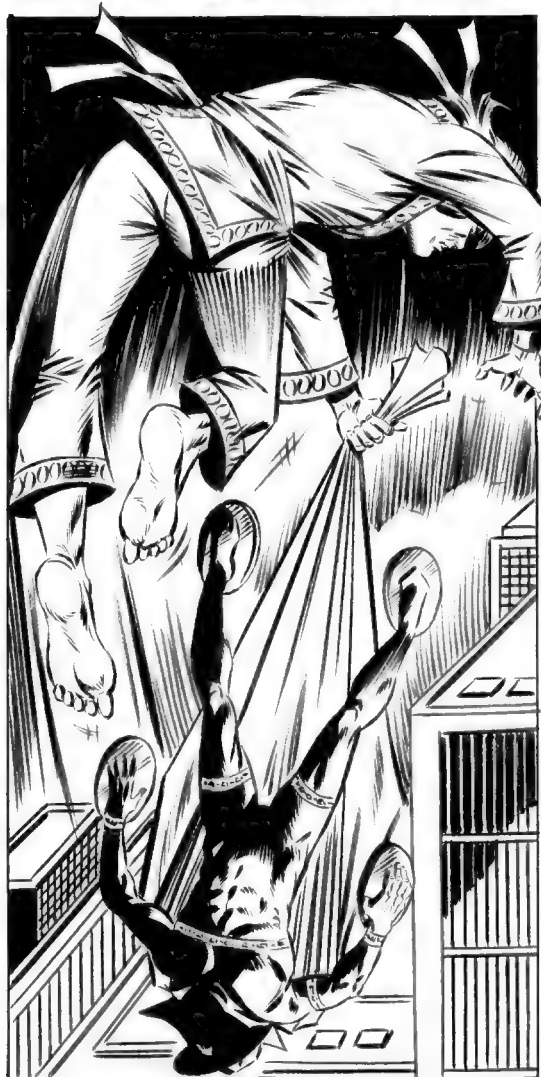
WE ARE ENEMIES!

LET US HAVE NO FURTHER STRUGGLES.













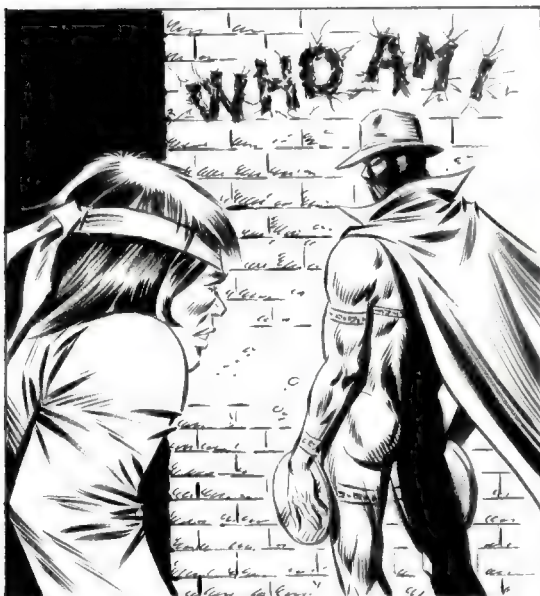








KRAK!



WHO AM I



YOUR NAME IS M'NAI.



MY BROTHER.



OUR FATHER'S SON.

END





THE TAO OF THE WAR-  
RIOR:  
FROM NOVICE TO LO FU  
ZAI

By Shang-Chi  
(edited by Robin Furth)



Thirty spokes converge at the hub,  
But emptiness completes the wheel.

--*Tao Te Ching*  
*Lao Tzu*

My father named me Shang-Chi, which means rising of the spirit. He hoped that one day I would become the world's greatest kung fu master, as well as its most accomplished assassin. In his private retreat in Hunan Province, he trained me in the ancient art of kung fu. His methods were rigorous and at times brutal, but I was an eager pupil. I believed my father was a great man—the savior of mankind—and I was proud to call him master. Even after I learned of his evil nature, I never rejected the art of kung fu. The Tao of the Warrior is sacred, and not even my father could corrupt it.

When I was a novice, I called my father master. He was my teacher, and I held him in great respect. For many hours at a time he would make me sit before the flickering flame of a candle. To learn to move, he said, you must first master stillness. I had to breathe in through my nose and out through my mouth. This, he said, was the only way to clear my mind and master *ch'i*. *Ch'i*, he told me, was the god within: it was breath, vitality, the root of my force. One drop of water might be powerless, but he who could harness the energy of the ocean . . . nothing could stop him! He was like the tsunami. But I was a boy and I grew restless with long sitting, and then I grew bored. When I began to nod off . . . THWACK! My master's bamboo stick came down upon my back!

To know your enemy you must first know yourself, and to know yourself you must gaze within. From those first struggles with meditation came my ability to control my breathing and my muscles, even the beating of my heart.

The Western fighter thinks he has a mind and a body. The Chinese fighter knows he is mindbody. Soon after my first lesson my father presented me with two buckets of sand. He instructed me to plunge my hands into the sand, over and over. The skin chafed and then bled. When I complained he told me to imagine the pain in my hands diffusing throughout my body. I shut my eyes and visualized the throbbing agony as a florescent red light. I imagined this light spreading up my arms, over my shoulders, down my torso, through my legs, and out through the bottoms of my feet. As the light spread, the color grew dimmer. The pain eased. Each day I plunged my hands into the sand until the skin hardened with calluses. Then my master introduced pebbles into the sand. Once again my hands bled and I had to imagine that red light spreading throughout my body, losing its intensity as it diffused. Finally, when I thought my hands could harden no more, my father had me plunge my fists into buckets of sharp stones. Within a month, I felt no pain and I did not bleed.

The ancient Kung Fu masters learned their methods of attack and defense from the animals. Nature is full of warriors. Once there was an old man who liked to sit and contemplate near a still pond. One day, while he was fanning himself, a crane that had waded into the pond was attacked by an ape. The old man feared for the beautiful crane since the ape was much larger and stronger, but the crane dodged and struck, evading its enemy's strong arms while thrusting with its beak and beating with its powerful wings. It drove off the ape. On the way home, the old man was attacked by two robbers, but by mimicking the movements of the crane, he defeated them both. Balancing on one leg, the crane warrior uses long range kicks, and his fists stab like a beak. The crane is tranquil but also swift and full of grace. Its essence is quiescent; its form is elegance.

To fight like an animal, you must understand how the animal thinks and breathes, not just how she moves. Since the human warrior is weaker than the beasts, he must make up for his lack of strength with his intelligence. Only by studying the animals can we learn the art of instantaneous attack.

When choosing a style, make certain it fits your spirit as well as your body. The monkey is agile, clever, and full of deceptions. His style of fighting is good at night, when his fast hand and foot movements are rendered invisible. The dragon is powerful and flowing. The dragon fighter gracefully swerves away from an attack, so that punches and kicks miss him. The leopard is known for her speed, and her emphasis is upon muscular strength.

Not all animals have physical strength, nor do they need it. During the Ming Dynasty, a follower of Shaolin known as Wang Lang was constantly being beaten by his classmates in combat. They were larger than he, and heavier, and so bested him. But one evening, while resting beneath a tree, Wang Lang witnessed a praying mantis fighting a cicada. Though the cicada was larger, the praying mantis used its long arms to defeat its enemy. For many days, Wang Lang studied the praying mantis's fighting style, and from this came Tanglangquan, or Praying Mantis Kung Fu.

To learn my art, I trained eight hours each day for many years. I used the mookjong (wooden man) to perfect my technique. Only by using the mookjong could I learn to judge the angles of my attack, and the correct distances. But the mookjong could not fight back. I could not afford to have flowery fists and embroidered kicks: I had to battle against living opponents, ones whose moves I could not predict. My father took me to the city's poorest, wildest slums to battle street fighters. Hum kah chan! He made me scream. Death to your families! Nine fighters attacked me in a narrow alley. I fought like the tiger, blocking with my arms, deflecting punches, giving side-kicks to the face, heart punches to the





chest. I emerged from the alley alive.

Do not confuse fa (technique) with gong (force). Fa refers to your methods of attack and defense. It is visible. Placing your leg behind your opponents leg and pushing him so that he falls, is a technique. Gong is invisible. It refers to your ability and efficiency, your accuracy, power, and speed. To harness force is also to harness ch'i, and to master the self. Like the young tree, the man who masters force survives strong winds and storms because he moves and sways with the elements. He does not fight against them, he becomes like them. When I was a novice, my master dropped a live scorpion onto my open palm. I knew that if she felt the energy in my skin, the trembling of my fear, she would sting me and I would die. I focused my breath so that I would not tremble. I lowered my heart rate so I would not sweat. She was so alert, I had to sway with the breeze and become like the sand of the desert.

The word Kung Fu will not be found in ancient texts. Instead one might find wuyi: wu meaning martial, and yi meaning art. In Mandarin and Cantonese, they say quanshu, art of the fists, or quanfa, technique of the fists. These words refer to unarmed combat, and the forms of hitting and kicking. There are many more names, both for the art of bare-fisted fighting and the arts of weaponry. But no matter what name you call it, the art of Kung Fu is ancient. It is as old as mankind itself.

Bare handed fighting is best, but if you

must use weapons, forge your own. The nunchaku is deadly when hurled toward your enemy. Using it will strengthen your arms. Do not practice with metal and chain at first, but wood and rope. Do not move on to harder materials until you have mastered the butterfly, and can dance with the weapon at speed. The ten-sided, short-handled club helps you develop pace and vigor. Practice with it while standing in flowing water. With your mind, evaporate the water and move as if in air.

A kung fu master is a disciple of the way of the tiger, the sign of the dragon. He follows a code of strict discipline which is spiritual as well as physical. He follows the Tao, and devotes his life to his practice. After my oral and practical exams, I had to face Tar Shui, the Test of the Tunnel. Only in this way could I become a true Master of Kung Fu. Though I knew that many did not survive this final test, I was ready to face the challenge.

When the day came for me to face Tar Shui, my master took me to a sacred Taoist mountain, and left me there at the entrance to the cave. I was allowed to wear only minimal clothing, and my feet were bare. Though torches illuminated the mouth of the cave, the air was cold as the breath of an open grave, and I knew that for many, a grave was what it would be. But I was determined to become a master.

First I had to walk across yards of shattered glass and burning coals. With the light step of the crane, I was able to pass. Next I had to slip beneath a heavy iron door spiked with large,



downward-pointing spearheads. But the door was supported only by a few bamboo poles, which were in turn held up by a maze of thin bamboo sticks. If I but brushed one stick in my passing, the door would have fallen on me and I would have died. With the smooth, precise movements of the snake, I slithered through.

Next I had to walk across a thin blade, the only bridge across an oil slick. Yet even as I focused the ch'i in my feet so that the blade would not cut them, a wild dog came gnashing at me. Its chain meant that it could only graze my heels, but the shock of it was meant to frighten me and to make me fall into the oil. I breathed in through my nose and out through my mouth. In my mind I held an image of the flame, and like the flame which always burns upright, I remained on my feet.

My last challenge was a huge boulder studded with spearheads. Harnessing my ch'i, I pressed my hands against the points. The boulder would not move. I pressed my back against the spikes and, summoning my ch'i, made the flesh hard and impenetrable. I focused my mind on an image of the shifting boulder. Soon I heard the first creaks of movement, and the boulder began to roll.

Finally, I smelled smoldering fire and the stink of hot iron. I knew what it meant. Blocking the cave's exit was a huge cauldron of red hot iron fillings. From each side stuck out metal tiger claws. Summoning my ch'i, I saw my arms trans-

form to blocks of ice. I lifted the cauldron which could have defeated ten men, caring nothing for the smell of my own roasting flesh. Staggering forward, I placed the smoldering cauldron at the feet of my father who waited outside the cave. I bowed and he smiled. I had become Lo Fu Zai, Master of Kung Fu.

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*Shadowcat*

